

HOW IT LOOKS

BY

STANLEY WATERLOO

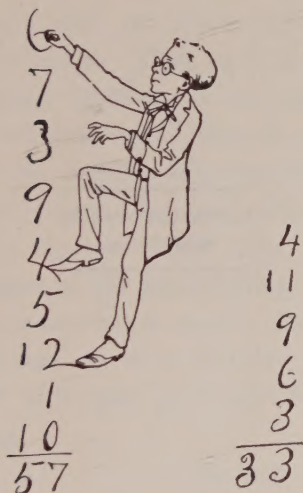


HER BREATH CAME IN SHORT PANTS.

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RUNNING UP A COLUMN OF FIGURES

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THERE was no thought of presenting them in book form when the short, illustrated sketches here given were begun. They were devised merely as one of the lighter features of the editorial page of the *Chicago Mail*, and have been so continued. The idea was but to exhibit whimsically the effect of translation into literal designs common figures of speech—no new device. That they illustrate in a broader way some of the peculiarities of the English we use is but an accidental result. The responsibility for the appearance of these fancies in the present garb must rest with the publisher, from whom the suggestion came.

STANLEY WATERLOO



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HER BREATH CAME IN SHORT PANTS.



A FOOLISH lovers' quarrel had separated them, and he left her in anger. For months he was absent, and she heard that he had sailed to a distant land. Then, later, came a rumor that he had returned to his native shores. Should she ever see him again? Would he visit her? Hope deferred made her life miserable until, one day, standing at the window, she saw a figure advancing across the lawn. She knew the manly stride, the proud, graceful bearing. It was he! The reaction from grief to sudden joy was almost too much for her. She staggered back, with her hand upon her heart, while "her breath came in short pants."

TURNED THE FARM OVER TO HER.



IT was a case of "Betsey and I are out." Farmer Pierce and his wife could not agree and he resolved to leave her and go west. He was a just sort of man, though, and wanted to be generous as well. Before he left his wife he had the necessary papers drawn and "turned the farm over to her."

HE TRAVELED BY RAIL.



HOW rapidly fortunes shift in this country! The man who occupies one position to-day occupies quite another to-morrow. There is Jamieson, for instance, who lives in the suburbs and comes modestly into town every morning on his bicycle. How different his style from what it was but ten short years ago, when he lived in the far west. He never used a bicycle then. He always "traveled by rail."

TOOK A HAND IN IT.



DECIDEDLY a society man in cannibal circles was the sub-chief Manua Loa. He was the life of every entertainment and no party was deemed complete without him. He was socially what the leader of the German is in a city set. A feast on the island was not, in fact, considered much of an affair unless he "took a hand in the proceedings."

HER SWAN-LIKE NECK.



SWEET are my lady's lips
As honey the bee sips
In yellow days from many a posy fair,
And golden is her hair;
So beautiful is she she need not deck
Herself with jewels rare—
She has a swan-like neck !

Soft are my lady's eyes,
As soft as Summer skies,
And her small hands as Winter snow are white.
It is a deep delight
But to be near her. Total is the wreck
Of my heart, total quite !
She has a swan-like neck !

HE TOOK A STREET CAR HOME.



HE was a good deal of an athlete, and ordinarily walked home at night; but the day his mother-in-law arrived and he met her at the depot, got her things together, and started her in a hack for his house, he somehow felt weary. He, for once, yielded to a weakness and departed from his usual custom. That night he didn't feel like walking, and so "took a horse-car home."

THEY SCoured THE CITY.



A MESSENGER dashed frantically into the bureau of le Commissaire Jean Hubbarde and, with a white face, told of the perpetration of an awful crime at the corner of the Rue State and the Rue Twenty-second. It was a murder of the goriest character. The fiendish perpetrator had escaped, but only for the time. Le commissaire ordered out his gens d'armes and "they scoured the streets."

HE SMELT A RAT.



IT was a shrewdly-put proposition which that promoter of so many schemes, McFarland, made to Jobson. There could be no doubt of that, but had Jobson gone into the thing he would have been deftly skinned to the extent of about \$15,000. He listened intently enough to what McFarland had to say, but he gave his refusal with a rush. Jobson was no fool. "He smelt a rat."

BUSINESS ON A SMALL SCALE.



THAT young Heffron would succeed in life no one who knew him could reasonably doubt. He was hard-working, ambitious and energetic. He had no capital to speak of, but that did not deter him from starting out for himself. The result demonstrated that where there's a will there's always a way. He made money from the beginning, though for a long time he "did business on a small scale."

FIRED HIM OUT.



A ROUGHER tramp than one-eyed Bill never ravaged the country and when he found a woman alone in a house he usually terrorized her into giving him whatever he wanted to eat. He was therefore very much astonished when he called on the lone Widow Moriarty at being instantly "fired uot."

THROWN OVER FOR ANOTHER.



ONE of the handsomest men in the city was Clement Alsop. He was aware of his fatal gift of beauty and made the most of it. When he took his Summer vacation he created great havoc among the hearts of rural maidens in the vicinity of his country abode. It was, therefore, more of a shock to him than it would have been otherwise when it happened that on one occasion he was incontinently "thrown over for another."

HE STRUCK A BALANCE.



WHEN he embarked in business John Granger had great and justifiable expectations. Unfortunately, he had one weakness, a not uncommon one. It was a regard for the glass. He wasted much of his time. He threw away his opportunity. He was not the cheerful John Granger of the past when, at the end of the year, "he struck a balance."

TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.



SHE was an attractive girl enough but had, somehow, remained single past the time when young ladies are supposed to have all the bloom of the peach on them. In leap year she saw her opportunity and resolved to improve it. When she proposed to Algernon he accepted. He had to. She "had two strings to her beau."

HE KNIT HIS BROWS.



FATHER Mosskamp was really one of the best natured men in the world but you would hardly think it to see him. He got credit for a sternness he did not possess and all because of a certain odd habit of his. Whether things were going ill or going well his demeanor was the same. He would unconsciously "knit his brows."

KNOCKED HIS EYE OUT.



WHY Rafferty had such a grudge against Smidt nobody knew, but that the bitter feeling existed was none the less an apparent fact. Smidt was a timid man who said little and did less. Rafferty was different. He was aggressive in his desire to injure Smidt. The thing culminated at last when, watching his opportunity and catching Smidt at a disadvantage, Rafferty "knocked his I out."

THE RAIN FELL IN SHEETS.



SHE told him she did not like the appearance of the sky when he left home but he laughed at her apprehensions and refused to take his umbrella with him. He had cause to regret his stubbornness half an hour later when "the rain came down in sheets."

FULLER THAN A TICK.



WHY has Reginald that "hic?"
Why that solemn scowl?
Reggy's "fuller than a tick,"
And "drunker'n a biled owl."

HE BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.



HE was always a popular man, was Jinks, and his entrance into his favorite haunts in town was the signal for applause. Everybody felt that before he had been in a room ten minutes he would say something to set them in a roar. He lived in the suburbs, and one might think he would not be up to all that was going on, but he was keen. He came in often, and he always "brought down the house."

A HORSE ON EACH.



IT was 9 P. M. Mr. Tommy Shea came out of the opera-house, and with him was Mr. Thomas Prior. They entered an adjacent place where the lights shone brightly. They were handed a box of dice. Mr. Prior and Mr. Shea each threw three times, and then Mr. Prior laughed gleefully, and said "Ah!" They threw three times again, and then Mr. Shea laughed gleefully, and said, "Ah!" It was "a horse on each."

HE LOST HIS HEAD



ORDINARILY Johnson was a man of force and self-possession, but on the night of the meeting in his ward to nominate delegates to the city convention he was not himself. He did not appear to have been drinking, but his demeanor was certainly very different from what it was usually. He got excited and "lost his head."

PITCHED THEIR TENTS.



VERY fierce were most of the Arabs, and the small French detachment was in imminent danger. An attack was hourly expected. The Bedouins came over the sand-hills in hordes, and it was supposed they would sweep down on the little band at once, but they didn't. They chanced to be all from friendly tribes, and they merely approached within easy speaking distance and there "pitched their tents."

HE BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH.



HE was one of your over-cautious, foxy men. He was devious in his ways, from mere instinct. He could go at nothing openly and bluntly and in a straightforward Anglo-Saxon manner. He hemmed and hawed and quibbled in every conference upon anything. It seemed as if directness of style were an impossibility for him. On every occasion he would "beat about the bush."

UNDER HER THUMB.



AMONG men Grimsby was hard enough. He was close in his bargains and merciless in his collections. Even physically he was no coward and had made a good showing when assaulted once by a burly creditor. Yet the wife of this gruff man really "wore the trousers" and "kept him under her thumb."

NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT.



HOW Quinlan lived was a puzzle to everybody and remains so still. His was one of the numerous cases which puzzle the thinking portion of the community. He was always well-dressed, always smiling and serene. His case was but one of many which could doubtless be explained well enough if one had all the facts. He was comfortable with "no visible means of support."

SHE LOOKED DAGGERS AT HIM.



THEY had been engaged, but a lovers' quarrel had arisen and there was the usual sequence of returned letters and supposably bruised hearts. He found, though, that he could not well get along without her, and called to be forgiven and reinstated. He was too confident. She had been, she thought, ill-treated. She received him coldly and "looked daggers at him."

HE TOOK THE CAKE.



HE was a particularly bright boy, was Johnny Redmond, and, if you didn't know about it, you had only to ask his doting mother to get confirmation of the fact. She thought there was no boy in the world like her Johnny. There were, indeed, very few boys like him. He was not bound by ordinary laws of the household. He was a marvel in his way, as he demonstrated almost daily. He "took the cake."

I'M A LITTLE SHORT MYSELF.



CARSON was one of those short, puffy, little men who seem always to do well in business and who are good-hearted enough but a trifle canny. Carson enjoyed a joke, though, especially when he made it himself. So it chanced that when the tall Jenkins one day asked him for the loan of \$25 Carson responded promptly, "I'd like to accommodate you, my dear fellow, but, the fact is, 'I'm a little short myself.'"

IN HIS CUPS.



FINER man or more dignified one than was McPherson ordinarily it would be hard to find. He had one weakness, however. The abuse of drink will change any man. It will transform him at times into a being totally unlike himself in his normal condition. Even the grave and stately McPherson was a most ridiculous object whenever "he was in his cups."

MELTED BY HER APPEAL.



HE was your typical old money-getter and he was resolved that his daughter should marry only a wealthy man, but somewhere in his body there was the remnant of a heart.

"I love Augustus!" she exclaimed; "I love him dearly, papa, and if you longer refuse consent to our union, I shall die. For your daughter's sake, will you not yield and make us happy?"

The stern old man was "melted by her appeal."

HE WEIGHED HIS WORDS.



THERE was nothing really wrong about Augustus.

He was a portly, hilarious, young board of trade man with a decent average income, but when he asked old Westside for the hand of his daughter the father hesitated. He finally consented, but only under the stipulation that Augustus shouldn't speculate.

"What annoyed me," said Augustus, talking to a friend about the matter, "was to have the old man 'weigh his words' so, in answering me."

THE HIGH CONTRACTING PARTIES.



THE wedding on the west side recently of Mr. Widdicombe and Miss Ginsing was a most interesting affair. The society journals had talked of it for weeks before it occurred and it was quite the event of the season. The guests were numerous and much comment was made on the distinguished appearance of "the high contracting parties."

A DEVOURER OF BOOKS.



PLATO Diogenes Smith was a thoughtful boy. He did not waste his time at school in playing baseball or slugging other boys. He never went in swimming and as to making a kite or attaching unnecessary articles to a dog's tail, he never thought of such performances. He grew up to be a wise man and was "a great devourer of books."

CAUGHT THE SPEAKER'S EYE.



HE was a born parliamentarian, was Mallincradt. He commanded attention in any assemblage, and always had his say. He knew just what to do to attain his end in this particular direction. Others might seek in vain to secure opportunity to speak, but Mallincradt never failed. He always "caught the speaker's eye."

SHE STRAINED HER EYES.



SHE had always been a sentimental girl, but she had never known just how to conduct herself when awaiting her lover. Fortunately, a few weeks ago, she read "The Quick or the Dead," and that gave her the information she wanted. After she had read the novel, whenever she expected John to call in the evening she went out and "strained her eyes through the gloom."

IN THE VAN.



SURE cowboy William was a valiant man ;
When danger threatened, ever "in the van."

GAVE HIM THE COLD SHOULDER.



ADOLPHUS Le Roy was a good-looking fellow enough, but he was too well aware of the fact and too confident that no woman could resist his charms. What happened to him in connection with Miss Jamieson was what he had invited by his assumption that she was only waiting for him to propose. He was crushed when he asked the question jauntily, and she "gave him the cold shoulder."

IN A BOX.



THE trouble with Sassafras was that he was too impulsive. He would jump at conclusions and no reasoning seemed to have much effect on him. For instance, he got the idea at one time that Paul's advice to Timothy regarding a little wine for the stomach's sake should be followed hourly and began at once. The result was just what a friend of his foretold. "If you persist in your crank ideas, Sassafras," he said, "you'll some day get yourself in a box." Sassafras did.

HELD HIS BREATH.



HE had been making love to Angelina for a long time and she seemed to be pleased with his attentions. He thought she was not indifferent to him; but hesitated long before proposing. It was in reality only his extraordinary diffidence which had sealed his mouth. When, finally, he mustered up courage to ask the fateful question he "held his breath" while awaiting her answer.

STRAPPED.



BLIFKINS always said that he was not afraid of burglars and believed he could, by some neat bit of repartee, persuade one not to rob him. Oddly enough, the chance came for Blifkins to make good his word. He was seized one night by a brawny intruder, strapped to the bed-post, and then, while a pistol was held at his head, ordered to tell where he kept his money. "I have no money. 'I'm strapped,'" said Blifkins. The burglar shivered and fled.

HE TOOK THE TRAIN.



HE had not seen his love for two weeks and he began to get restless. She was stopping at Lake Geneva or some other Summer resort, and wrote every day, but that failed to satisfy him. He wanted something more than mere black ink on cold, white paper. By Wednesday his impulse proved too much for him. He let his business go to the dogs and "took the 1 o'clock train."

HAD THE DEAD WOOD ON HIM.



MANY a time had Jobson got the advantage of Fleming, and many a time had Fleming sought to retaliate, but in vain. Jobson was too wily. There comes a time at length, though, when any man forgets to be on the lookout, and it came to Jobson. Then Fleming improved his opportunity and got even. He was wild with delight as he gazed on his enemy. "He had the dead wood on him."

WENT TO THE DOGS.



YOUNG Stetson did not do very well in college, and after graduation showed more fondness for sport than for business. He owned no predilections for any of the professions. It was prophesied of him that he would eventually "go to the dogs," and he did so. After his father died he established and made money out of one of the finest breeding-kennels in the country.

BANGED HER SISTER'S HAIR



SHE had a tender, loving nature, and was almost a mother to her younger sister, for whom she evinced always the greatest solicitude and whom she assisted in every way. She was proud of her idol's appearance, and assisted in every detail of her toilet. There was absolutely nothing she would not do for her. She even "banged her sister's hair."

SWEPT OFF THE SIDEWALK.



THE new man whom Mr. Jones had engaged to work about the place was a very recent importation from over the sea, and accepted all orders with a literalness which was astonishing. Mrs. Jones thought he would do well enough but changed her mind when she saw the result of telling him one morning to "sweep off the sidewalk."

SHE BURST INTO TEARS.



WHO would speak harshly to his wife
Deserves no happiness in life.

Let him defend it as he can,
He is a very cruel man.

For woman is a tender plant,
Endure unfeeling words she can't.

She's one to guard, for whom to get
New bonnets, one to love and pet.

And who speaks harshly to her may
Regret the deed for many a day.

As in the sketch above appears,
The woman may "burst into tears."

KEPT A WATCH ON HIM.



PORTLY people are ordinarily good, easy-going people, who are not nervous and who rarely go insane. There are exceptions to the rule, though, and McPheeters was one of them. His stoutness physically did not save him when the season of trial came. He went nearly wild when he happened to lose heavily on pork, and his friends became alarmed. For days they "kept a watch on him."

TWO SAD CASES.



NEW YORK and Chicago, as a rule, treat all their guests well, but from accounts now coming in it appears that there are exceptions to the rule. It is established on good authority that one of the delegates to a recent convention in one of these cities "had his head turned" by a siren while another "was quartered at one of the hotels."

HIS BLANK EXPRESSION.



AN expression of utter blankness came upon the countenance of Algernon.

“I appreciate the honor paid me,” said the stately girl, “but I can never be your wife. I will be a sister to you, but—”

And still the expression of blank despair remained upon the face of Algernon.

CASTING SHEEP'S EYES.



THEY had known each other for some time, but she had never suspected that he really cared for her. She was not unfavorably disposed toward him but he had never made any advances toward a tender relationship. His manner had been merely that of a careless friend, and she was, therefore, really startled when first she noticed him "casting sheep's eyes at her."

ONTO THE RACKET.



HE was a green-looking fellow, but no fool. On the tennis-grounds they were rather disposed to make sport of him, but he was fond of the game and didn't mind their attempts to annoy him. He was impervious to all the malice of their pleasantries. They would devise schemes to make him ridiculous, but he would only sit and smile. He was "onto the racket."

PORK TOOK A DROP.



THE fluctuations of modern markets under the system of buying and selling what is never really transferred are indeed something remarkable. No man can foretell what an hour will bring forth. "It was just as I expected," grumbled Lardum, the eminent Chicago packer and art patron; "pork took a drop to-day."

HE THREW OUT HIS CHEST.



IT was in Prof. Kayzer's conservatory, at Clark and Washington streets. The new and ambitious student in elocution was receiving his first lesson. His tones were rather thin. The teacher for the department listened with a critical ear. "Your voice should be deeper," said he. "Throw out your chest."

The young man leaped for his baggage, which had been brought to the conservatory during his search for a boarding-house. In a moment the chest was thrown out. It was from the fourth story.

It was that which killed the hack-driver's horse.

LAUGHED IN HIS SLEEVE.



HE was one of your quiet men, but he was no fool, and in the end usually attained his object. He did not stand upon the street corners and proclaim what his information was or what his aims might be. He was a shrewd politician, but had a way of letting his adversaries go ahead with their plans, making no sign that he was aware of them. Meanwhile, he would "laugh in his sleeve."

HAD THE PRISONER IRONED.



A VERY careful man was Sheriff Jones. No law-breaker once in his clutches was likely soon again to prey upon the public. He took no risk. He held that a bird in the hand was worth any number in the bush, and in this lay the secret of his success. No sooner was any bad man captured than Sheriff Jones would call in Wun Lung, the Chinaman, and "have the prisoner ironed."

HIS AUDIENCE WAS ALL EARS.



THE grand gift of oratory belonged distinctively to Daniel Webster Colling. It was not merely that the matter of his speeches was exceptional—that was admitted—but that his method of delivery was like no other man's. There was a singular magnetism in his voice. No sooner had he fairly warmed to a speech than "his audience was all ears."

HE THREW THE SWITCH.



THERE was no better man in the employ of the A., B. & C. railroad than Tim Nevins, but never was man discharged more summarily. There seemed no reason for such harshness. His sympathies may have been with a group on the road who had struck for more pay, but it was certainly hard that he should have to go just because one day he "threw the switch."

HE BROKE THE ICE.



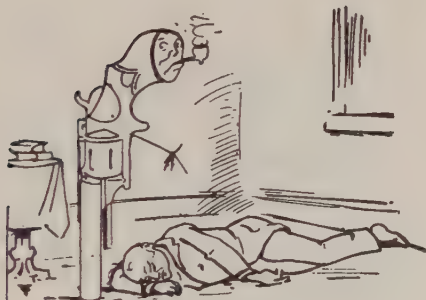
THEY had a difference and each was stubborn. It was a question which would make advances toward a reconciliation. That was their mutual thought on that fateful Winter evening. They walked together in silence, each waiting for the other to speak. It occurred to him at length that his attitude was unmanly, and that the stronger should be the more generous. To think was to act. "He broke the ice first."

HE STILL HUNG OUT THERE.



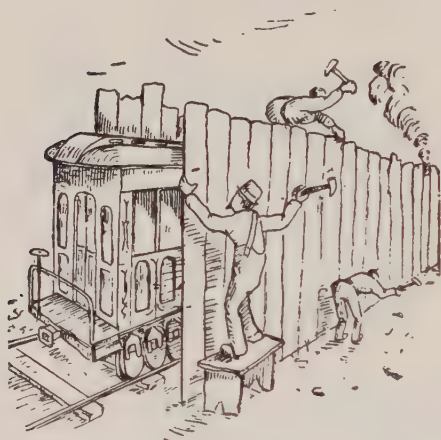
THEY were very happy for awhile in the flat they had rented, but disagreements came and she threatened to leave him. He would not believe it possible and declared that if she went home to her mother he would abandon the place. She did go home to her mother for a season, and when she returned hardly expected to find her husband at the flat. He had not gone, however—he still “hung out there.”

IT TOLD THE TALE.



IT was unfortunate for Jobson that he lacked fortitude. When things went well with him no man was more buoyant, but any misfortune, however slight, was too much for him to bear. What happened when the big wheat deal went against him and he lost all his fortune was, therefore, to be expected. He left the exchange and retired to his room in the hotel. Soon a report was heard. The door was broken, Jobson found upon the floor, and "the smoking revolver told the tale."

THEY BOARDED THE TRAIN.



THEY were in doubt as to whether they should go fishing or not, but, as they had indulged in no out-ing for the Summer, finally concluded that they ought to gratify themselves. To decide with them was to act and, after providing rods and hooks and lines and floats and gaffs and gallons on gallons of bait, they went to the depot at once and "boarded the train."

IT RAINED PITCHFORKS.



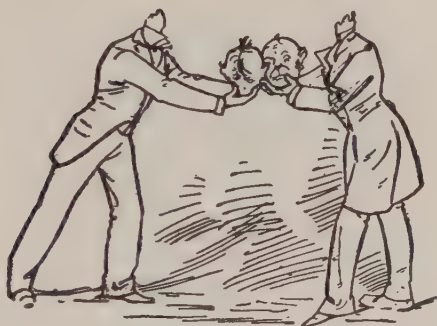
IT would have been well for farmer Joslyn had his many years' experience made him a better judge of the weather. There was, that Summer afternoon, the peculiar feeling in the atmosphere which foretells a storm, yet he laughed at the expressed fears of the hired man and went right on stacking hay. This was at 3 P. M. At 4 P. M. "it rained pitchforks."

HE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.



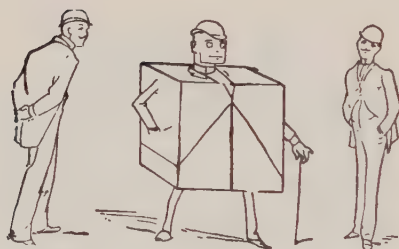
HE was a-blundering always. He was one of the sort of men you may like but whom you find it hard to have any patience with. He meant well enough, but his expressions on any subject were certain to be just what they should not have been. He said the wrong thing in the wrong place habitually. "He never opened his mouth but he put his foot in it."

THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



JONES and Smith were certainly an odd couple. Neither lacked self-assertion, but when anything in connection with the affairs of the firm came up for consideration neither would act alone. The famous Cheeryble Brothers were nowhere to speak of in comparison with this pair of American business men. Even concerning the most trivial matter they would "put their heads together."

A SQUARE MAN.



TRULY has some one said that the mother makes the man. The boy leaves her and goes out to battle with the world, but her kindly precepts linger with him and shape his course in life. There was Jobson. He had a good mother. She taught him that a man should respect his honor above all things, and that his word should be as good as his bond. He never forgot her advise, and his business career was consequently above reproach. He was recognized everywhere as a "square man."

SHE CUT HIM DEAD.



HAD Algernon been more thoughtful he never would have lost the love of the beautiful Editha Jones; but, at the McIntosh reception, he treated her so cavalieri that all affection for him died out in her heart and she resolved that henceforth they should be as strangers. She was as good as her determination. The next time they met "she cut him dead."

HE SAT ON THORNS.



ALGERNON De Vere was as brave as most men, but he did feel a little nervous when he called on Miss Smithson the night after he had poisoned the family dog. He was talking with his adored Matilda, and her father was in the room, as was also her younger brother. The old man had just threatened to kill whoever had poisoned Towser if he could learn who he was, when Matilda's brother, who had been rummaging in Algernon's overcoat pockets, pulled out two or three dog-buttons. He promptly asked what they were, and Algernon managed to reply that they were card counters. The little imp finally returned them to the pocket, but meanwhile Algernon had got into an awful mental condition lest the old man should see them, and so learn who was the villain. He "sat on thorns."

WROTE THROUGH A FRIEND.



IT was hard on Alfred when Ethel's father declared that he should not even correspond with her. The old man knew his handwriting and intercepted every letter. Communication between the lovers was absolutely cut off. Ethel grew pale and thin, and Alfred was almost insane. Love, however, will overcome all obstacles. An inspiration came to Alfred. "He wrote through a friend."

HE TOOK THE FLOOR.



THERE had been a good many fiery speeches, but the delegate from Virginia surpassed them all. His ardent temperament was made plain before he had given utterance to half a dozen sentences. It was well remarked in the newspapers next day that he exhibited an astonishing vehemence when he "took the floor."

HE THREW DOWN HIS HAND.



HAD Jones been better tempered he would have made a good card-player, but he was too violent in his ways for success at any game. His judgment disappeared as his temper rose and then he would invariably do something foolish. As long as the cards ran well he would remain good natured, but as soon as they came badly he invariably flew into a passion and "threw down his hand."

HE STOOD ROOTED TO THE GROUND.



NO more enthusiastic botanist than Prof. Grampus ever lived. He would go into ecstasies over a rare specimen, and was always in the fields searching for curiosities in plant life. It was worth while to see him one day when he found a big tiger lily which some mischievous boys had painted pea green. He thought he had discovered a novelty in nature. He "stood rooted to the ground."

SHE SWEEPED THROUGH THE ROOM.



THE pride of birth was shown in the stately carriage of the lady Guinevere Maude de Courcey. In her gracefully dignified manner was shown insensibly her feeling that not the blood of the Howards was more noble than her own. It but enhanced the effect of her patrician beauty, and all eyes were attracted toward her as she "swept through the drawing-room."

HE ROSE WITH THE LARK.



EVERYBODY commented on the youthful appearance of Harrison Gray. Though 69 years of age he had the look and vigor of a man of 40. The secret of his preservation was easy. He recognized what it was which made nature kind to her children. He did what was best for prolongation of strength and health. He never overslept himself. "He rose with the lark."

HE FLEW TO HER SIDE.



LOVE stops at nothing ; love lets nothing deter it ; love conquers space ; love accomplishes the seemingly impossible.

“Save me! Charles, save me!” shrieked Angelina, as old Wagner’s bulldog came growling toward her.

Charles “flew to her side.”

CRUSHED BY HER REPLY.



HE was arrogant in his pride and thought he was doing her an honor in wooing her. He was wealthy and moderately good looking and counted himself a desirable match for any woman. He had no idea that when his proposal came he would be rejected. So it happened that when finally he offered her his hand and fortune and she declined "he was crushed by her reply."

IN ON HER FATHER'S ARM.



IT was a most interesting wedding in every way. Rarely had a more striking couple been wedded in the church. The surroundings were all in keeping with the occasion, and the assemblage of friends a brilliant one. The bridegroom was handsome and dignified, and the bride was beautiful. There was a subdued murmur of admiration when "she came in on her father's arm."

TOASTED THE EMPROR.



SINCE long before the days of Gustavus Adolphus Sweden has been independent in her attitude. The Viking blood tells. The emperor of Germany has a big army at his back, but King Oscar is not afraid of him. The rash young German ruler might have known what would happen when he went to Stockholm. King Oscar was prepared, and the dispatches next day told the story. He "toasted the emperor."

HE WAS ONTO IT.



VERY imminent was the danger of Police Inspector Bonfield. The grudge of the anarchist avengers was deep against him and his blood was desired. The bomb prepared to blow him into pieces was a terrible one, and the avengers supposed he knew nothing about it. But Bonfield was alert. His life was saved through his extraordinary vigilance. The plan of the bomb was deadly, "but he got onto it."

DIED ON HIS HANDS.



HE did reasonably well as a bricklayer—that is, when he wasn't on a strike—but he thought he could do better as an expressman. He spent his last and only \$11 on a horse. It was an aged animal, and the story of many pasts was repeated. He had not engaged in his new vocation for any length of time when the catastrophe came. The old horse “died on his hands.”

COMPLETELY CARRIED AWAY.



OF course it's a great advantage and a source of constant pleasure to have a musical ear, but when the sense of perception in this respect is too acute it is often really embarrassing. The mental and physical strain is too great, you know. There was Jones, for instance; so delicate were his sensibilities that he never heard good music without being "completely carried away."

ALL BROKE UP.



IT DOES not always pay to jump at conclusions. De Brown did. The matter under consideration was one of the utmost importance to him, but that made no difference. He was as impetuous, as deaf to all remonstrances and as pig-headed as usual. He chanced to be wrong, and, as a consequence, "he was all broke up."

HE TOOK THE STAND.



ONE of the most modest and retiring of men was Simpson, but he was so deeply interested in the great suit of Willincroft against Smithson that he volunteered as a witness, since he was familiar with many facts in the case. When he first entered the court-room his habitual diffidence returned and overcame him, but he recovered himself in a moment. Everyone commented on the alacrity with which "he took the stand."

SHE CAST DOWN HER EYES.



“**B**E mine,” said Augustus, passionately “raising his eyes to heaven.” “Be mine, and I swear I will be faithful to you ever. I will guard you from all evil. You shall be my guardian angel, I your shield and protector.”

Editha said nothing, but a blush stole upon her cheek and she modestly “cast her eyes upon the ground.”

STUCK ON BASE BALL.



HE was a good business man and his affairs had always been attended to with promptness. But some time ago it all changed. He was frequently absent from his office, and his friends feared that some disease had fastened itself upon him. They resolved to watch him and, when the cause of his weakness was learned, if possible, save him from himself. Finally it all came out. "He was stuck on base ball."

VERY CLOSE IN THE ROOM.



EMILY'S father had forgotten his pipe and had come down-stairs thoughtlessly in his stocking-feet. He had forgotten entirely the circumstance that it was the evening when Emily's best young man was in the habit of calling. He entered the parlor unnoticed. He stood for a moment and then observed: "Seems to me it's 'very close in the room.'"

THE TABLE GROANED.



THERE has certainly been no recent entertainment to compare with that given last week at the residence of Mr. Hamfat, the cultured pork-packer. The guests included the very cream of society as recognized in Mrs. Hamfat's set. The affair was most recherche, and at the dinner "the table groaned beneath its load of delicacies."

PUT A FLEA IN HIS EAR.



YOUNG Jones was undeniably the best catch at the watering-place, and all the maneuvering mammas and ambitious daughters knew it. Young Miss Catchem and the old Dowager Catchem were exceedingly well informed on this point and had all their plans laid for Jones' capture. He was already half a victim, and had taken to dreamy moods when his friend Smith arrived. Smith was an old bird and saw the situation at a glance. He was sorry for Jones and resolved to save him. He "put a flea in his ear."

HE GROUND HIS TEETH IN RAGE.



HE was a passionate man, and when in a rage presented a spectacle calculated to appall the stoutest heart. One might almost imagine, as he appeared with clenched hands and rolling eyes, that he was about going into an epileptic fit. Rendered literally speechless by his overpowering passion, he would stand "grinding his teeth."

IN A STEW.



PRETTIER young women than Miss Spilkins one would not often meet. She was fair of face and trim of figure and had many accomplishments. All she lacked to make her charming was more repose. There she was deficient. She was always "in a stew."

A STRIKING OCCASION.



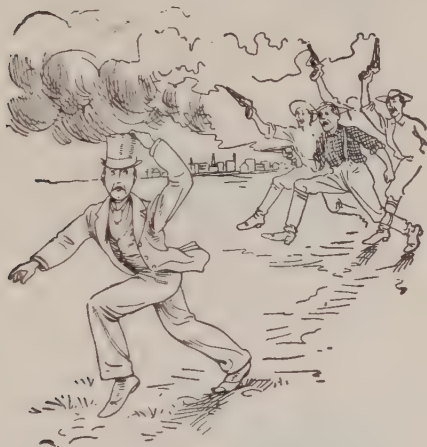
THE two factions of the party had long been at outs, but wiser councils prevailed and it was decided to fuse, to forget all differences, and meet in the same hall again. Every member of each body was present at the reunion. The scene when the first meeting was held after the reconciliation was touching. It was "a striking occasion."

RUSHED THE GROWLER.



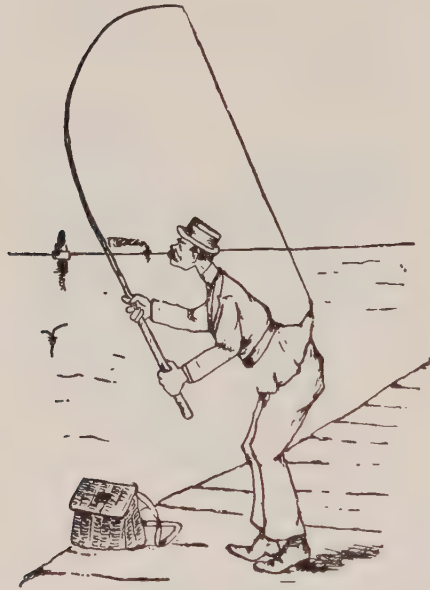
THEY were certainly a hard lot of boys in Clabber alley, and not a day passed that they did not do something wicked. Their habits were bad in every way, and that most of them would grow up drunkards was assured. Their tendency in such direction was already exhibited. Young as they were they would habitually "rush the growler."

LEFT UNDER A CLOUD.



HE is doing well enough in business now—they do say that he has sold more of his particular class of goods this year than any other man on the south side; but he didn't do so well at one time. When in the far west his experience was different. Those who know him best say that he was quite unfortunate in the mountains, and that "he left Denver under a cloud."

ON HIS OWN HOOK.



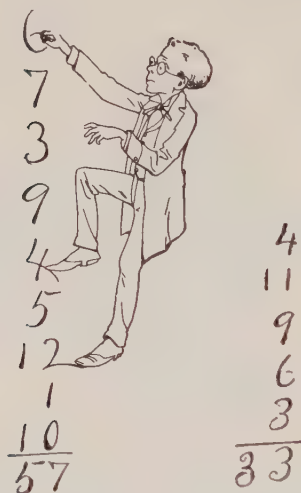
MCPHEETERS was one of your independent men. He would have no partner in business, and even remained a bachelor because he did not want any one else to have an interest in his affairs. He prided himself on his ability to get along alone, but, after all, he didn't seem to do better than other people. He caught no more fish than any one else, though even in this sport he engaged "on his own hook."

HE MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.



LITTLE Goring was an unassuming man and when he started a tailor's shop nine of his friends out of ten said that he must fail. They thought him lacking in the necessary tenacity of purpose. They were agreeably disappointed. Goring eventually became rich. He knew what he was about. He succeeded from his remarkable ability manifested in "making both ends meet."

RAN UP THE COLUMN.



YOU'D never have thought to look at Smifkins, that
 that he could be an athlete or that there was any-
 thing like life in him. He was certainly the puniest and
 most abject person in appearance of any employed in the
 great house of Undersell & Co. Yet out of the hundreds
 in that establishment there was none could equal him in
 speed when he "ran up a column of figures."

PUT UNDER BONDS.



HE was an old skinflint, that was certain, and an oppressor of poor tenants. He would break in violently when his rent was not paid on the day it was due, and heeded no remonstrance. He was ruthless and overbearing. Everyone was glad when one tenant, bolder than the rest, at last resorted to the law and had the old fellow "put under bonds."

THROWN OFF THE SCENT.



ONE of the shrewdest of detectives was Michael Caruth, but sometimes he would form a theory arbitrarily and become too sanguine. He would reason from cause to effect instead of from effect back to cause and would attach too much importance to trifles. So it happened that often, despite his natural cleverness, he was "thrown off the scent."

BROKE OFF THE MATCH.



JENKINS had felt from the first when wooing Preacher Grimes' daughter that he was not popular with the father, but the lovers deluded themselves with the belief that the parental opposition could be finally overcome. Fate was not as kind to them as they had hoped. It was hard, very hard, when they at last applied to him, and the stern, old man, in the presence of both, "broke off the match."

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.



THEY had never yet had any experience with a cyclone in their Kansas home, but they often talked about what might happen, and at such times never failed to chaff the good mother of the house as to what she would do in the emergency. They declared that she would be frightened to death. They thought she lacked all nerve. They were mistaken. The cyclone finally came and she "rose to the occasion."

SHE TOSSED HER HEAD IN THE AIR.



HE was but a poor mechanical engineer, while she was the daughter of a pork-packer. Still he dared to love her, and had ventured to hope. She had always smiled upon him and when, on one or two occasions, he had ventured to press her hand she had exhibited no displeasure. No wonder he was startled, then, when he proposed to her and she only gave him a scornful look and "tossed her head in the air."

GAVE HIM HER HAND.



THEY had been sitting together on a bench in the park, but he had scarcely spoken. The soft Summer evening seemed to induce silence for the time. Only the Katy-dids made a sound. He was madly in love, and felt an emotion almost too deep for utterance. They rose to go, and then, all at once, he resolved to disclose his passion. He reached out his arms toward her. Gently she "gave him her hand."

A RUN ON THE BANK



A MORE trifling will occasionally start a panic, and business men can not be too careful. In times of alarm in financial circles the slightest suspicious move may precipitate trouble. Many instances could be cited in support of this well-known law of trade. For instance, had not McTrampem recklessly drawn Farmer Jones' money there would have been no "run on the bank."

HE HELD HIS GROUND.



THE good pastor felt some trepidation when he went into the army as chaplain, but he considered it his duty to do so, and went to the front with his regiment. They often had a little quiet fun with him in a respectful way, expressing doubts as to what he would do should the forces be brought suddenly into action. But they did not know their man. It so happened that they came upon the enemy unexpectedly, and there was a fight. The chaplain "held his ground" manfully.

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